The Rose Garden Husband

The Odd Romance of a Marriage That Preceded a Courtship

By Margaret Widdemer



There is no an and held precise and pleasant converse, something like a cheerful case which many arrived to the room and held precise and pleasant converse, something like a cheerful case which many arrived in the room and held precise and pleasant beyond words to all laborations which didn't especially matter. The Liberry Teacher liked it. It was pleasant beyond words to all neathing which didn't especially matter. The Liberry Teacher liked it. It was pleasant beyond words to all neathing in a pluffy chair, and hear about all the little lightly treated scholarly day-before-yearerday things her father.

the little lightly treated scholarly daybefore-yesterday things her father
had used to talk of.

She carried on her own small part
in the talk blithely enough. She approved of herself and the way she
was behaving, which makes very
much for comfort. There was only
once that she was ashamed of herself, and thought about it in bed
afterward and was mortified; when
her eyes filled with quick tears at a
quite dry and unemotional—indeed,

"and father quoted Horace so much severy day that—that I felt as if an old friend had walked in!"

But her hosts didn't seem to mind. Mr. De Guenther in his careful evening clothes looked swiftly across at Mrs. De Guenther in her gray-silk-and-cameo, and they both nodded little satisfied nods, as if she had spoken in a way that they were glad to hear. And then dinner was served, a dinner as different—well, she didn't want to remember in its presence the dinners it differed from: they might have clouded the moment. She merely ate it with a shameless inward joy.

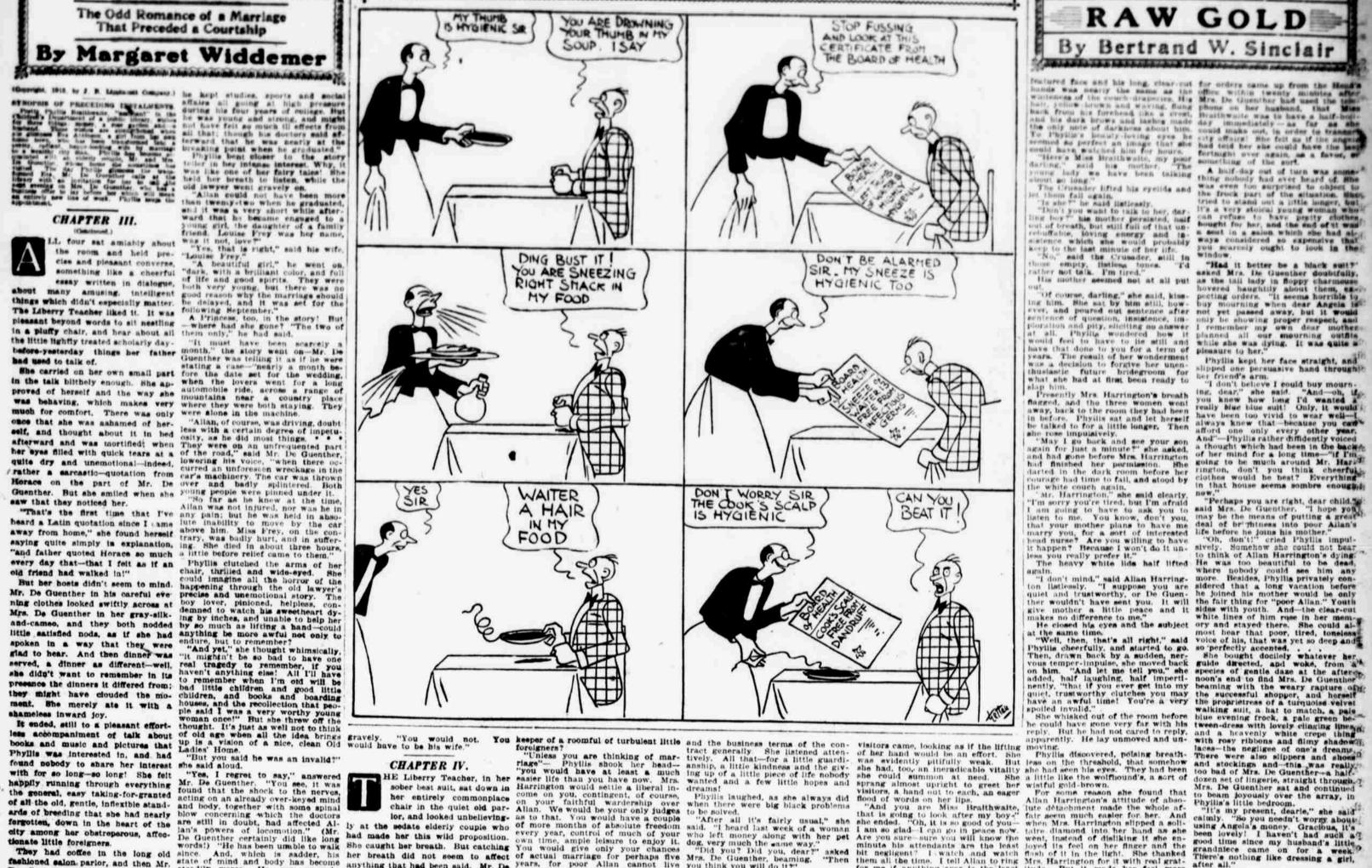
It ended, still to a pleasant effort-thought. It's just as well not to think they worm and they be they might have off the thought. It's just as well not to think thought. It's just as well not to think thought. It's just as well not to think they might have off the thought. It's just as well not to think they might have a pleasant effort-thought. It's just as well not to think they off old age when all the idea brings

THE SAME PRINTED AND ASSESSMENT A kept studies, sports and social

quite dry and unemotional—indeed, lowering his voice, "when there occurred an unforessen wreckage in the car's machinery. The car was thrown Horace on the part of Mr. De over and badly splintered. Both Guenther. But she smiled when she young propie were planed under it.

"No far as he knew at the time. way from home," she found herself above him. Miss Frey, on the contrary quite simply is explanation, ing. She died in about three hours, "and father quoted Horace so much a little before relief came to them."

Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten



This lady, my client, Mr. and the first state of the long at the property of the conduct death of the property of th spot for such a long without the spot for such a form that," said spot for such a long with such as the principal thing which impressed itself on Phyllis's frightened mind throughout her visit.

Mrs. Do Guenther convoyed her to the Harrington house for inspection at a couple of days after she had accepted some one's proposal to mark the Harrington house for inspection at a couple of days after she had accepted some one's proposal to mark the Harrington. (Whether it counted as her future mother-in-law-lect without my speaking to him this sproposal, or her future trustee's, she was proposal, or her future trustee's, she was proposal, or her future trustee's, she was proposal, or her future or purposal to mark the sproposal, or her future or purposal, at the special proposal, and the special proposal, at the special proposal, at the special proposal, at the special proposal, and the special proposal, and the special proposal, at the special proposal, and the special proposal proposal, and the special proposal proposal, and the special proposal, and the special proposal proposal, and the special proposal proposal proposal, and

-----MEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE MOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD RAW GOLD By Bertrand W. Sinclair TAXABLE DATE OF THE PARTY OF TH

featured face and his long, clear-out for orders came up from the Head's incide was nearly the same as the winteness of the courch-draperies. His half, policy bare here and waving, fluing hard from his forchead like a creek, and his dark brows and lasker made the only rate of darkness about him. For Physile's beauty-loving eyes he are made as perfect an image that she could make out, in order to transport darling," paid his firstlevile, my poor darling, but the first as if the angulation to long."

The Urusader lifted his eyelids and list thom fall again.

The area of the sould listically.

Allan Harrington. He tained and acted, if a moveless man ness was concerned."

So they went on the principle that back on the shelf. The ring was the sat long hours of every Sun. That was her second.

Harrington, fragile, flushed, though she had made the suggestion the shelf. The ring was the sat long hours of every Sun. The state of the sat long hours of every Sun. The same that she would get out of it! All thing of a worry. She didn't dare rington's thin little hot hands and rington's thin little hot hands and leave it at home, nor did she want leave that home, nor did she want leave that had made the suggestion ologues about Allan—what he must

Mrs. Harrington, fragile, flished, breathlessly intense in her wheelchair, had yet a certain resemblance in her wheelchair, had yet a certain resemblance in the same about to answer sharply, to wear it.

Voice and gesture to Mrs. De Guenthers about the poor, anxious, lovice and gesture to Mrs. De Guenthers absolute preoccupation with her son struck her as right after attended together.

Phyllis till she placed it as the mark of that far-off ladies' school they had attended together.

There was also a graceful, mincing is white wolfhound which, contrary to white wolfhound which, contrary to the accepted notion of invalids' faithful hounds, didn't seem to care for his master's darkened sick room at all, and the wants not do, what he must be looked after, how his mother's absolute preaching to the swift, tall charge the raington's thin little bot hands and that home, nor did she want allowed it as theme, to an established the security with the sease set in tax homs, nor did she want allowed it as theme, to make the wants now

The Granader lifted his eyelids and let them fall again.
The she T be said listlessly.
Then t you want to talk to her, darling bey T has mother persisted, half out of breath, but will full of that unrebuffable. loving energy and insistence which she would probably keep to the last minute of her life.
No, said the Crasader, still in those empty, listless tones. "Idea to be the said suit?"
The Granader lifted his eyelids and the freek part of the attantion. Since tried to stand out a little langer, but it's a very stoical young woman where hought for her, and the said of it was a sent in a salen which she had also ways considered so expensive that you save considered so expensive that you ways considered so expensive that you want was a sent in a salen which she had also ways considered so expensive that you want to look in the window.

"Had it better be a black suit?"

estence which she would probably keep to the last minute of her life.

No, said the Crussder, still in those empty, listless tones. "Id fasher not talk. Fin tired."

His mother seemed not at all put out.

"Of course, darling," she said, kissing him. She sat by him still, however, and poured out sentence after entience of question, insistence, imploration and pity, eliciting no answer, would be to the tone of the world feel for wordered how it would feel for the wordered how it would feel for the wordered how it would feel for the wordered may have that done to you for a term of years. The result of her wonderment was a decision to forgive her unenthuslastic future bridegroom for what she had at first been ready to slap him.

Presently Mrs. Harrington's breath fearged, and the three women wont away, back to the room they had been in before. Physiis sat and let herself be talked to for a little longer. Then she rose impulsively.

"May I so back and see your son again for just a minute?" she asked and had gone before Mrs. Harrington have been did to the court again.

"Mr. Harrington," she said clearly, "I'm sorry you're tired, but I'm afraid I am going to have to ask you to listen to me. You know, don't you that your mother plans to have marry you, for a sort of intereated head nurse? Are you willing to have thanyon? Heacase I won't do it unless you really prefer it."

The heavy white lids half lifted grill and it would have a son difference to me."

He closed his eyes and the subject at the same time.

"Well, then, that's all right," said Physics cheerfully, and starred to go. Then, drawn back by a sudden, nervous temper-impulse, she moved back on him. "And let me tell you," she added, half laughing, half impertinently, "that if you ever get into my quict, transverthy outches you may specied invalid."

She winsked out of the room before he could have gone very far with his reply. But he had not cared to reply.

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sity among her obstraperous, affecting from the heart of the first did not seem to affect of the heart of the first did not seem to affect of the heart did not seem to affect